

Semi-Weekly Bourbon News.

Independent and Democratic—Published from the Happy Side of Life—for the Benefit of Those Now Having Breath in Their Bodies. Price, \$2.00 for One Year, or, \$2,000 for 1,000 Years—CASH!

VOL. II.

PARIS, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1883.

NO. 188.

SPANISH Onions, 10 cents each, or three for 25.

HOGS were sold as high as \$5.50 per cwt. here yesterday, for home use.

JEFF MARTIN and Ellen Tevis, got hitched at the Court-house, yesterday.

JOHN K. POLK, who killed Mart Owens at Roundston, on Nov. 21, has delivered himself up.

THE latest report is that 100,000 unarmed Kentuckians are in Washington seeking office.

At Cynthiana, George Martin seriously cut J. M. Lowry, with whom he had drank and quarreled.

MAYOR PURNELL fined Alf Wornell \$10 and costs, for driving a drove of cattle through the city, Sunday.

A NICHOLASVILLE boy named Lewis, while loading a pistol to shoot his father, accidentally shot himself.

THE grand jury found 44 indictments at Mt. Sterling, principally against infractors of the local option.

CHRISTMAS is coming at a Maud S. gallop, and not a church oyster has yet been driven through the water.

RATCLIFF & HOWE have rented the Kimbrough House, at Carlisle, and will take possession January 1st.

KENTUCKY Representatives introduced 150 private bills in Congress, Monday, most of them for war claims.

A COLORED man, with his wife, and one small dog, captured fourteen fat 'possums in one night in Franklin county.

TRAINS will run through from Owensboro to Russellville on the Owensboro and Nashville railroad by the last of this week.

HERMAN WAGONER, a tailor, was run over and killed by the cars while walking on the track in the suburbs of Hopkinsville.

GEO. BLAIR, colored, broke into a store near Hopkinsville, and was surrounded and shot to death by a band of citizens as he ran out.

THE Interior Journal says that public opinion is about equally divided in Garrard county as to George Denny's guilt or innocence.

THE freight business is remarkably dull on the K. C. this week; several trains failed to go out for want of something to haul, Wednesday.

EDWARD O'SULLIVAN, formerly a merchant, was found dead in bed at Flemingsburg, Tuesday morning. He was a subject of asthma.

MARKSBERRY'S warehouse containing 5,000 bushels of wheat, barley and hemp seed, burned Wednesday morning at Lancaster. Insurance, \$10,000.

AT Lexington the Circuit Court awarded Miss Georgia Richardson \$300 in her suit against John P. Haines for \$10,000 damages for slanderous her.

HUSBANDS, sweethearts and those wanting to be such and cannot, can succeed in their cherished desires by buying their Christmas presents from Croxton.

LEV. FORQUER played robber at Eminence, "just for fun," and was shot dead by a colored boy who was sent around the house to ascertain what the noise was.

THE noon passenger train for Lexington, ran off the track at the Richmond Junction, near the fair grounds yesterday, on account of a misplaced switch. No damage.

WE have a secret to tell our readers to-day. It is this: Joe Z. Croxton has the largest and finest stock of toys ever brought to this city. They range from a cent to \$25 each.

BURDETTE's subject for his lecture next Wednesday evening, is "The Pilgrimage of the Funny Man." Lecture at 8 o'clock. All church people and all others should hear him.

JOHN BRENT swore out an injunction Wednesday to stop the K. C. workmen from laying the side track to their coal elevator, but before the injunction could be served the track was laid.

A DRUNKEN man named Embry, got into a private difficulty with his team, near Spring Lick, and cut one horse's throat and was going to kill the other one, but was prevented by a neighbor.

JOE CROXTON's store is now the center of attraction in this city, on account of his having on hand a freight train load of toys, Christmas candles, &c. Anything you call for, he has in stock.

MARION CHEATHAM, formerly of Montgomery county, where he married a Miss Orear committed suicide near Butler, Mo., by tying a 30 pounds rock to his neck and jumping into a well.

W. H. WHALEY bought a flock of turkeys last week and made good money. This week being flushed with success, he bought another flock of twenty-two from a colored man, and lost ten cents on them.

THE reason that business failures are on the increase in the Union, is that the population is on the increase, and that there are too many popping-jays going into business that don't know anything about it.

REV. J. W. HANDLEY, the Universalist who preached the funeral of Sid B. Kennedy, will deliver a free lecture on Universalism, at our Court-house, Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Everybody respectfully invited.

THE Ladies' Aid Society played to a crowded hall last night. The play was an allegorical cast representing different nations paying homage to America—the source of their enlightenment in way of religious development.

AT Newport a horse attached to a wagon in which nine small children had been left by careless parents took fright and ran a mile before he was stopped. The children were all right, the wagon having failed to turn over.

THE unknown lady who drowned herself at the foot of Smith street, Cincinnati, on Friday, is believed to have been Miss Ollie Hubbard, of Maysville, who quarreled with her suitor.

MRS. J. K. CLARK sold 15 turkey hens that averaged 16 pounds, and 21 gobblers that averaged 22 pounds. One hen which weighed 17 pounds she kept for a brood hen. These were all last Spring's hatchling, and were sold at \$2 each.

THE Lexington Transcript at this early day suggests that the people might do worse next time than elect Gen. Basil W. Duke, of Louisville, Governor, presumably, for the purpose reinstating Dick Morgan as steward of the Asylum.

GEO. MENEFEE, colored, died last week, near Shepherdsburg, from poison occasioned from wearing a green and red striped flannel shirt. The flesh sloughed from his body in a putrid mass before death relieved him of his sufferings.

A GANG of burglars, after robbing most of the houses in Lexington, have commenced operations at this place. On Wednesday night they robbed Judge Matt Turney's house of all the solid silverware in it, leaving all of the plated ware.

THE alarm of fire was given Wednesday night about nine o'clock, in consequence of some bluegrass chaff which was piled against Jos. Neely's stable having been set on fire. The Rescues promptly responded to the call but were not needed.

JOHN W. WATSON, of Maysville, has bought a fourth interest in the Clay distillery near this city, and the company has determined to start it to running about the first of March. There is also a prospect of Mr. Watson becoming a citizen of our city.

TONEY JONES, of Lexington, who was arrested and bailed out for stealing a horse at Georgetown, was again arrested at Lexington, for stealing two cows at Newtown. He was again bailed out by his father, who has since assigned and skipped out for Virginia.

A NATIONAL congress of rare imported antiquated smells down in the bottom near Houston bridge, has been broken up and cleared out by the city authorities. It is said that Judge Turney and Harry Brent analyzed and catalogued 3,900 out of a possible 4,000 of them.

SATURDAY night, while driving in the vicinity of Kildsville, Clark county, the horse of Geo. A. Bean took fright, ran away, broke up his buggy and threw him to the ground, broke several ribs and gave him several other injuries. Mr. Bean is a prominent farmer and Short-horn breeder in Clark county.

THE mail-carrier between our post-office and the depot, has treated himself to one of the new hand-carts of which our Circuit Clerk Jos. M. Jones is the patentee. It is a very handsome and convenient little vehicle. The express companies robbed the poor boy of something over \$11 for bringing it from Chicago.

THE Board of Commissioners of the Lexington Insane Asylum, met Wednesday, and refused to ratify the appointment of Leach as receiver, and have placed themselves in open conflict with the Governor and other State authorities. The Governor will be justifiable in inviting the board to resign, and will probably do so to-day.

TOM HENRY, in a card published in the Frankfort Freeman, says: "I am perfectly willing—yes, anxious—that a jury of honest, fair and sober newspaper men (I presume the latter named class can be found) investigate my standing here and elsewhere, and I will cheerfully submit to a fair and candid report however severe it may be, without a word of complaint."

THE new comet can now be seen by the naked eye after sunset in the northwest, near the star Vega, (just where we said it would appear) the only star of the first magnitude in that vicinity. Through the telescope it looks half the size of the moon, with just the suggestion of a tail. By the latter part of January it will drop down to within 70,000,000 miles of the sun, and it will be much brighter than when it made its starring tour in 1812.

COL. JNO. CALDWELL will sell at public sale to-morrow at 2 o'clock, the property on Main street, now occupied by renters, nearly opposite Odd Fellows' Hall. This property is the most desirable of any in the city, and is now on the market, and at no distant day will be a bonanza. The property is now paying 6 per cent rental on the capital invested, besides, it is growing in value each day, on account of its magnificent location, which will soon become the business center of the city.

AT the distillers convention at Lexington, Wednesday, a resolution was adopted cutting down next year's product as follows: Distilleries with a daily capacity of 2,000 bushels will be reduced 20 per cent.; 1,500 bushels, 22 per cent.; 1,200 bushels, 24 per cent.; 1,000 bushels, 25 per cent.; 800 bushels, 30 per cent.; 600 bushels, 35 per cent.; 500 bushels, 37 per cent.; 400 bushels, 40 per cent.; 300 bushels, 45 per cent.; 250 bushels, 50 per cent.; 200 bushels, 55 per cent.; 100 bushels, 70 per cent.; 50 bushels, 75 per cent.

Arrested for Infanticide.

YESTERDAY morning a dog was found walking around Claysville, a suburban village of this city, with the leg of a newly-born mulatto infant in its mouth. The facts being reported to Coroner Ed. Ray, a jury was summoned, who repaired to the village, and a search being made, the other leg and that portion of the body from the waist up were found. The legs had been cut off with a knife, and the body had been cut in halves at the waist, and the pieces thrown into the yards of different residences—all having been found by the lower portion of the body, save the legs. Suspicion at once pointed to a colored woman named Rachael Murphy, daughter of Dan Murphy, in whose yard a portion of the remains were found. The jury found that the remains were those of a child given birth to by Rachael Murphy, and that the child was born alive. The brand mother being arrested, confessed her guilt to Jailer McCarney, but said that the child lived but an hour, and died a natural death. A white man is said to be the father of the child.

SCINTILLATIONS.

—Dr. Tilton is very ill, at Carlisle.

—Flour is \$40 per barrel at some of the mines in Montana.

—Charlie Swift, of Clark county, is a juror in the United States Court, at Covington.

—The Bourbon Club will probably have a hop at the Bourbon House, during the holidays.

—Eld. Clay, from Harrodsburg, spent several days visiting relatives here this week.

—Mr. T. Hierly, solicitor for the Maysville Republican, paid us a call Wednesday afternoon.

—H. M. Roseberry has returned home from the Hot Springs, Ark., much improved in health.

—Mrs. Theodore Tilton is teaching music in Brooklyn. H. W. B. now has no desire to take lessons.

—Hon. Tom Stuart, of Winchester, and many other presidential aspirants, are in Washington.

—Masquerade mite society meeting to-night at the Kimbrough House, Carlisle, by the Methodist ladies.

—There are 27 theatrical companies on the road in the United States, and Paris can't get a show of any kind.

—Misses Jennie K. Lackey, of Lancaster, Ky., and Lillie E. Goodloe, of New Orleans, are visiting Mrs. Chas. Stephens.

—Mrs. Johanna Lipp celebrated her 100th birthday day of Maysville, and was visited by 300 persons, most of whom gave presents.

—Polk Forsyth says F. L. McChesney's mission in Washington, is to get the appointment of Minister to the Guano Islands.

—About the only thing that approximates the watermelon and circus season with your uncle black man, is now almost at his door—Christmas.

—C. E. Rice, the junior member of the firm of R. M. Rice & Co., North Middletown, is in Cincinnati, buying a lot of specialties for the holiday trade.

—One dollar loaned at 24 per cent for 100 years, compounded, would amount to \$2,537,790,404. Somebody loan us one for a hundred years and we'll prove it.

—A Lexington distiller received orders from eight States for whisky, Wednesday. What are so many Kentuckians doing away from home at this time of the year?

—Young men of this city are now straining their eyes looking through cylindrical glasses, hunting for the new comet. The roofs on the saloons, though, generally obscure it from their vision.

—Mr. Kioffenkloffenkloffen, a young Russian tailor in the employ of Davis & Davis, is a member of Prof. Osborne's dancing class. He can only speak two words of English, but can sling a regular United States foot in dancing.

—"Sarah Bernhardt," says Oscar Wilde "is all moonlight and sunlight combined, exceeding terrible, magnificently glorious. Mary Anderson is pure and fearless as a mountain daisy; full of change as a river; tender, fresh, sparkling, brilliant superb, placid."

—Prof. Osborne's dancing class met Tuesday night for the first time, in the dining room of the Bourbon House. Eighteen scholars were present, and all were delighted with the Professor's mode of instruction. He has a school of etiquette in connection with the exercises, which adds a polish to the gawky youth not attained elsewhere.

—There is a beautiful Christmas fragrance in the air. In all the stores all over the city the windows are beginning to acknowledge the reign of the great coming king—Santa Claus. No monarch in the world rules over a greater empire. He is enshrined in the hearts of millions of the little ones of every race and of every clime. In no part of the world is he more of a king than in the republic. He is the only king we know—the king of peace, of good will, of all the tenderest affections that in humanity can feel. He comes to us in the season of storms, but no people sun ever scattered more warmth than is diffused from his heavy snow-flecked clouds. There is no music so sweet as the footfall of his reindeer. May it be heard in every home on the coming Christmas Eve.

THE Shannon correspondent of the Maysville Bulletin, who attended the Sweeney and Hansford debate, has the following to say of it: The recent debate at Sardis has profoundly affected the thought of this neighborhood. People are searching and quoting the scriptures to sustain their positions and many of them in trying to justify their prejudices are heaping infamy upon the Deity. People go through this world sinning and repenting, doing good and evil, and I insist that in the next world, as in this, the most depraved will have the hope of reform and the endless chance of good. I can't regard Jehovah as the keeper of a prison from whence none ever come, where no pardons are ever issued. Such things are done here on earth of respect for the human standard of justice, and surely the God of infinite wisdom and mercy can never fall below the idea of depraved and barbarous man.

The Trader, Turfman, Farmer and Sportsman.

Jas. Donnell, of Nicholas, sold to W. W. Adams, of Lexington, a bay gelding for \$425. Corn is being delivered at the Chilesburg depot, in Fayette county, at \$1.35 per barrel. James and Brice Letton sold 85 shoats to J. W. Ferguson, to follow cattle feeders, at 4 cents per pounds.

W. H. Wilson and Noah Diltz, of Cynthiana, sold to Col. Broadhead, of Milwaukee, their 2-year-old filly Indigo, by Indian Chief, for \$2,000.

Mr. Clarkson, at Ewalt's Cross Roads, sold his crop of ten acres, to Charlie Clarke, of Millersburg, at 15 cents all around and \$25 premium.

A wagon load of Irish potatoes were sold in Glasgow last week, every potato weighing over a pound, and many of them a pound and a half each.

The committee appointed to investigate the eligibility of the Buckner Jerseys to registration, has reported favorably, and they are admitted to registration. This ends the Jersey war in Bourbon.

MILLERSBURG.

Will Piper is home to spend the holidays. Miss Ida Victor is home from Harrodsburg, to spend the holidays.

Miss Fannie Clarke has gone West, and will spend the winter in Indianapolis and Missouri.

Mr. Samuel Martin has gone out West on a short trip. The people look upon this trip with suspicion.

John Cook, a tony young book-keeper, of Cincinnati, is the guest of John Hamilton, and is recreating for several days.

Frank Champ sold his black pacing gelding Friday, to Buck Dickerson, the great pacing horse man of Indiana, for \$500.

It is secretly whispered that a wealthy old widower and a handsome young lady on Lane Ridge, are to be married at an early day.

Mac Miller and wife attended the wedding of Mr. Ward Sullivan and Miss Alice Gardner, yesterday, at the Methodist church, in Winchester.

Charlie Turner, colored, has been arrested and held to bail in the sum of \$100, on the charge of outraging the person of Winnie Betty, cold.

Josh Barton has decided to hold his next sale of Short-horn at Kansas City, next fall, and will also hold a sale of trotters at home, next Spring.

Mrs. Belle Taylor has been paid her church debt at last, by the Christian Church ladies. They are putting a new roof on their church. The men, oh! where are they?

Harmon Ayers took to Missouri with him, George Ann Miller and her husband, as servants; servants were so scarce in Missouri that himself and son had been doing their own cooking for months.

John S. Vimont, 35 years of age, ate his second meal in the town of Millersburg (except at home) at the select muck supper. He has lived here all his life, and once ate with his old friend Jane Kinneer.

Stuart Johnson has purchased 1,000 acres of land near Albany, Texas. The land is all enclosed by wire fence, has on it a fair frame house and never failing water. He also gets 71 acres of cattle, 4 horses and farming implements. Price paid, \$7,100.

Instead of the usual invitation about Christmas time to partake of the contents of the "Little Brown Jug," we hear, "Please sir put a nickel in my jug for the missionary cause," and the wee tiny ones say, "Ma says put a nickel in my jug."

A breeze of excitement was occasioned by the running away of a horse attached to I. B. Sandusky's dog cart; the occupants were broken up, as it was upset near the Post-office, and not dashed against the rocks.

BEER WOLFE.

MATRIMONIAL.

John P. Darnell, of Savannah, Ga. and Miss Mary Andrews, of Flemingsburg, got married Wednesday.

Richard Strohn and Miss Annie Stahl, of Lexington, were married in the Court-house Wednesday evening, by Judge Turney.

Mr. James Shaw and Miss Eliza Owens, of North Middletown, were married in the Court-house here Wednesday, by Judge Turney.

Judge William Lindsay and Miss Eleanor Holmes were married at Frankfort Wednesday. The bridal trip includes Macon, New Orleans and Havana.

Last Monday, at Owenton, Mr. B. G. Morgan, aged fifty-three years, and Miss Jane Smith, aged twenty-three years, were married in the street, while sitting on their horses.

Dunlap Howe, of Carlisle, was married Wednesday, to Miss Lizzie Lee Stitt, daughter of H. M. Stitt, at Flemingsburg. Sam Howe, of Cincinnati, and Miss Tommie Stitt were the attendants.

BIRTHS.

Mose Glenn and M. V. Bostain, of Carlisle, have been presented Christmas gifts by their wives already. Daughters to both.

EVERYBODY'S COLUMN.

C. F. DIDLAK & Co. are headquarters for Holmes & Co.'s Famous English Biscuits.

—There's a town in Arizona, named "God Forbid." It is not far from "Tombstone."

ALDEN Evaporated Fruits, very fine, domestic dried fruits, best and cheapest, at SPEARS, CHAMBERS & Co.

FOR SALE.—First-class piano, good as new at a bargain. Address Post Office box 129, Paris, Ky.

The celebrated spices, imported by H. F. A. Pinckney, of New York, can always be found with SPEARS, CHAMBERS & Co.

—These beautiful sunsets are playing to crowded still-waltz parties at the frontages every evening.

THANKSGIVING DELICACIES.—Figs, dates, Malaga grapes, bananas, celery, Italian plums, Florida oranges, apples, coconuts, turkeys, cranberries, prunes, raisins, oysters, mince, &c., for sale by SPEARS, CHAMBERS & Co. C. F. DIDLAK & Co.

—Frank James has joined the church. About the first religious act that he would be guilty of after getting out, would be to pass the hat around.

E. B. MAILLORE & Co. are unrivaled as oyster packers. They pack none but fresh and sound goods. Their cans are full, the oysters large, and are guaranteed all O. K. when they leave the houses of SPEARS, CHAMBERS & Co. C. F. DIDLAK & Co.

Young man, your mother-law will expect something grand as a Christmas gift, and her detective eagle eye will permit no shoddy gift with the price marked up to ten dollars.

Mrs. S. J. TURNEY has returned from Cincinnati, where she purchased a large stock of Christmas goods, consisting of fancy notions, dolls, &c. She has also put down the price on her large stock of millinery goods and will rush them off at amazingly low figures. Be sure to call and see her before buying your holiday goods.

MAJOR CHENNEWORTH's old war horse died at Maysville, on Thanksgiving day, at 29 years of age.

The justly celebrated "Gold Medal Flour" is still the leader. Every barrel warranted first-class or no sale. Small packages neatly put up for special use. Make your Christmas cakes of it. Make your biscuits and rolls with it. Every housekeeper ought to try it. SPEARS, CHAMBERS & Co. C. F. DIDLAK & Co.

RESIDENCE FOR RENT

SITUATED on Main street, Paris, Ky., has four good rooms, cellar, &c. Good eastern, garden and other conveniences on the premises. Address EDWARD ARD.

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JOHNSON HOUSE, MILLERSBURG, KY.

One square from the depot. Good Livery Stable Attached. The kindest attention given and guests made comfortable.

Good Sample Rooms. A table filled with all the delicacies of the season.

RATES REASONABLE.

ELLIOTT KELLY, Fire Insurance Agent,

CITIZEN'S BANK, - PARIS, KY.

Represents FIVE FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES.

CASH ASSETS OVER \$20,000,000.00. FIRE, LIGHTNING and TORNADO POLICIES WRITTEN. LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY. RATES LOW.

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MEDICINE & SURGERY,

May be found during the day, when not professionally engaged, at Brooks & Lyman's Drug Store, at night, at the residence of Prof. E. Amende, on High st.



PARIS 'BUS LINE,

L. F. MANN, Prop. P. CAMPBELL, Supt.

All trains connected with and calls made anywhere in the city. Orders left at hotels or stable. Fare, 25 cts. including ordinary baggage.

CHRIS. GROSCHE, BAKER & CONFECTIONER.

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FRESH BREAD EVERY DAY.

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SION STABLE,

High Street, Paris Kentucky.

Will break colts to best advantage. Horses bought and sold on a small margin, also boarded on as good terms as any other stables in Paris.

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THE NEWS.

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS. KENTUCKY.

THE TRUE LOVER.

Do you ask me, Starry Eyes,
To describe the lover true?
Wonder not at my surprise—
Who should know as well as you!
Think of all that you have seen,
All the lovers that have been;
He is true whose love is shown
For her sake, and not his own.

What he does, he does alone;
Yet he hopes to win her thought;
All that in his soul has grown
To her sovereign feet is brought;
To his soul her image clings,
She seems woven in all things,
And each thought that in him stirs
Is not for his sake, but hers.

For her sake he will endure,
For her self will sacrifice;
Bravely bearing, her love sure,
Censure, slander, scorn, advice
If another wins her heart,
Sadly he will from her part;
Sadly, bravely, true love is
For her sake and not for his.

This is the true lover sweet—
Love as ever I am true;
For my love is all complete,
Perfect since it comes from you.
Darling, yet 'tis not true—no!
For I would not let you go;
I must keep you where you've grown,
For my sake, and not your own.

For your own, because I love
More than any other can;
More than ever love could move
Heart of any former man.
Look at me and then agree
None have ever loved like me;
For whatever I may do
Is because I live in you.

Kiss, and so shut speech away;
When old age our life has spent
'Twill be time enough to say
What is love in argument.
For the present all stars shine;
You are here and you are mine.
Love makes light, and song, and flowers,
For whose sake? Dear love, for ours.

—F. W. Loring, in Boston Transcript.

MISS ATKINSON'S OPINIONS.

"Oh, Will, I am so glad!" and pretty Mrs. Danvers, quite forgetful of the soft balls of many-colored worsteds in her lap, rose hurriedly to meet her husband. "I had a very, very important letter to-day—from London!"

"From London, Fan? I did not think that you knew any one in London."

"I was three years in a London boarding-school, sir! Do you think it is only men who make bosom-friends at school? John Lawrence and you were chums at school, and are ridiculous about each other yet; I suppose I can have a school friend, too."

"Nonsense, Fan! David and Jonathan have no sisters. Women get a husband, and then there is an end of 'my darling Angelina,' and 'my darling Fanny.'"

"Her name is not Angelina, sir, and she always called me Frances. If there is one thing Elizabeth detests it is nicknames. She used to say: 'If your name is Frances, don't allow any one to call you anything else.' She is quite a remarkable woman, Will, I assure you."

"And her name is Elizabeth?"

"Yes—Elizabeth Atkinson. She is very rich—very rich, indeed; and I thought, Will, dear, if I could get her to be baby's godmother—she's an old maid. Will—she might leave baby something, you know."

"You mercenary little mother! You would lay the weight of those two dreadful names upon baby for the sake of a possible legacy? Elizabeth—Atkinson—Danvers. The little mite could not bear it, Fan."

"We could call her 'Bessie,' Will; her godmother would never know. Bessie is pretty; don't you think so?"

"No, I do not think so. I am for calling her Lily, or Violet, or Grace, or something flowery and pretty."

"I never knew a girl called Lily that did not grow up fat and red, or one called Violet that was not loud and vulgar, or one called Grace that was not ill-tempered and gawky. Now there is something very stately about Elizabeth."

"And very likely baby will grow up a little fluttering, frizzly-haired fairy, all curves, and ringlets and ribbons."

"I am ashamed of you, Will, talking about your own dear, darling little daughter in that way. And after all the trouble I have taken to select a proper godmother for her! And Elizabeth so delighted, and coming all the way to New York to see her god-daughter, too, and everything else. I must say I expected more appreciation from you, Will. Lillian Morris was here this afternoon, and she of course opposed Elizabeth. I expected that. She is all for those horrid Saxon names, like Maud, and Elfrida and Berta. But a man of the world—a sensible man like you, Will! I am astonished."

"Oh, don't scold, Fan. I think Elizabeth lovely; and as you say, we can call her Lizzy."

"No, Will, I never said Lizzy. Lizzy, indeed! I said Bessie."

"Yes, dear Bessie. I beg pardon."

"And I shall write to Miss Atkinson to say that we will have the christening in May, if that suits you, Will."

"Yes, yes; that suits me very well, John and I are going to the Adirondacks in June, but it will be all over by that time."

"All over, Will! I must say that is not flattering the baby."

"I dare say baby will be glad enough to have it all over. But is this lady really coming here?"—to New York?"

"She is really coming. I was going to ask you about refurbishing the blue suite of rooms for her."

"Why they were refurbished when we were married, two years ago, and nobody has used them but John Lawrence."

"And he smokes. Elizabeth is very sensitive on that subject."

For a short time Will held his ground about refurbishing; but after Fanny shifted the point of attack from her rocking-chair to his knee, the resistance grew fainter and fainter, and finally the weak husband not only agreed to carved oak furniture upholstered in rich wood colors, but also professed to see the necessity for looking after the carriage.

"That Mrs. Loring has had hers lined with dark purple satin, and it is really an effective background for light hair," skillfully suggested Fanny. "And I am so sick of those gray horses! Can't we have bay ones, Will? They are more English and stylish."

So the oak furnishing, the new car-

riage-lining and the bay horses were determined on, and what is more, Will Danvers had no sense of having suffered a defeat.

Will Danvers heard a great deal of Miss Atkinson between March and May, and was allowed to read specially well and lofty paragraphs in her letters. He affected a great admiration for the lady, but in reality he was quite sure she would prove a tremendous bore. "But John and I can get out of it," he reflected; "that is one comfort. And if she manages to put Fan under her thumb, she is cleverer than I am; that's all. I don't believe Fan will give in—much; I never knew her do it. I'll bet twenty dollars they have a civil fight before a month is over, and that Fan comes out ahead."

In a week after Miss Atkinson's arrival Will had modified this opinion. Her appearance was not formidable—quite the contrary. Indeed, she was so petite, so gentle, so appealing, that Will had not at first thought it necessary to guard one of his prerogatives. But gradually he found himself abandoning his dearest rights. "Miss Atkinson was not well; would Mr. Danvers kindly breakfast alone and allow darling Frances to have a quiet talk and cup of tea with her?" Mr. Danvers politely consented, and in a week the favor had become a custom, and Mr. Danvers breakfasted alone as a matter of course.

It was the same thing in everything; Miss Atkinson took possession of his wife, his child and his house. Her cool, calm, authoritative way was irresistible, and she delivered her opinions with such an air of settled conviction in their infallibility that few cared to dispute them. "She was really sorry to find so much to disapprove of in New York society, and she wished she knew how to pass it over, but it was her nature to speak the truth, though it was often a very disagreeable duty."

And even Will gave her the usual credit of this unpleasant characteristic. "It is just her honest, straightforward nature that makes her say this kind of thing," he said to John Lawrence one night; "but I wish she was not so fond of 'plain truths.' Fan is made to see faults in me she never would find out by herself."

"Plain truths!" answered John, spitefully. "I have always noticed that these people who are so fond of 'plain truths' never feel called upon to tell pleasant truths. I have always refused to meet the lady, Will, because I like women who are not above nice little hypocrites to please us; but I declare a woman who proposes to accompany us into the woods, and turn our private pleasure into a public picnic, must be a character. I'll go home with you to-day and see her."

"Oh, John, thank you. I shan't feel so helpless against Fan and her then. Poor Fan! She hates the woods, and can't endure a dinner without entrees and dessert; yet this English woman has absolutely persuaded her that she is looking dreadfully ill, and that nothing but a pure natural life will save her from consumption."

To say that John Lawrence had no curiosity about Miss Atkinson would be false. He had heard all about her continually for a month; she was always doing or saying something which contradicted his ideas of what a woman ought to do or say; so that going home with Will was not committing himself to any great act of self-denial.

It was a lovely June evening, and just dusk, as they entered the parlors. They were empty, and they walked through them on to a balcony latticed with vines that overlooked the little plot of city garden. Miss Atkinson was standing in the very center of a small lawn. She was quite unconscious of any observation, and John stayed by an imperative motion Will's first movement to announce their approach. "Let me look at her," he said, in an agitated manner.

As she stood there in the June twilight she was worth looking at. A woman about twenty-eight years of age, of the most delicate type of English beauty. Her small, light figure was exquisitely robed in fawn-colored silk and grenadine. She had a pink rose at her throat, and another in her hand, but, even as they looked at her, she dropped it from her listless grasp. For a moment she regarded it pitifully, and then there passed over her face an expression of such hopeless sorrow or weariness that Will was quite startled, and turned to his friend.

"She does not look very bad-tempered now, does she? Why, John, what is the matter? Do you know her?"

"I can not tell, Will. Either I know her, or have been dreaming about her for eleven years, that's all."

Half an hour afterward they were sitting side by side in the gas-lit parlor. Every trace of sensibility had left Elizabeth's face. That womanly melancholy that had made her so lovely in the twilight garden had quite vanished. She was now only a keen, clever little woman.

But somehow John felt sure that she had assumed a character, and was playing up to it. "She is a clever actress, and enjoys interpreting her role; but why she chooses to do so is a question." And from this evening forward John Lawrence fell as completely under the spell of Elizabeth Atkinson as Fanny had done—with this difference: Elizabeth soon became aware that in this case her slave was also her conqueror.

Will was disgusted with the whole position. He took a couple of servants and set off to the Adirondacks without John, who did not now want to go fishing. He seemed, indeed, to desire nothing but to idle away the long summer days in Fanny's garden or parlors. Necessarily Elizabeth and he were often left alone, and it was a noticeable thing that after the first two weeks of their acquaintance they found nothing to dispute about in their interviews. Elizabeth sat quietly rocking and pretending to sew, and John watched her and pretended to read.

Sometimes they glanced at each other, sometimes they said a few words, but John was really gaining a silent victory. There would be days in which Elizabeth rebelled against this growing power over her, and at such times she resolutely refused to leave her own room; but such struggles only left her more weak and impressionable. John conquered by his absence as surely as by his presence.

The first really hot weather had sent the Danverses out to their country home—an old stone house among great pine woods—and John spent most of his time with them. But not one word of love did he say during those charmed weeks of hot summer-ide. They wandered through the pines, and played with the baby, and sailed down the river in the cool mornings and the moonlight nights, and John said nothing beyond the pleasant, courteous words of an intimate acquaintance. In those days Elizabeth was often very weary. "I must wear my mask," she thought; "he must not know how really weak and tender I am. Once! ah! once—! But what did it bring me? Contempt. If women show they have a heart, they invite a betrayer."

It was the last day of August, and Elizabeth was to return to England early in September. It had been a still, hot, exhausting day. Fanny had a bad headache, John was in the city, and Elizabeth was slowly walking her little namesake to sleep in the darkening parlor. By-and-by John came home and sat down. Elizabeth smiled faintly at him, and continued her monotonous walk and lullaby. John followed her every movement. Then the child was asleep, and she was leaving the room.

He stood before her, all his soul in his face. "You will come back, Elizabeth? I want to speak to you."

It was the first time he had ever called her Elizabeth. She knew what he wanted to say, and yet she answered, almost in a whisper: "I will come back."

He was awaiting her return with the greatest impatience. Now that he could no longer withhold speech, he was eager for his opportunity. He met her as she entered, and drawing her passionately toward him, said: "Oh, Elizabeth, you must not leave me now. I have loved you, darling, loved you and sought you, for eleven years."

"Oh, John, I love you, too! But you must know the truth: I have loved some one else the greater part of those eleven years—some one who basely won my childish heart, and then left me to such hopeless misery as makes me tremble yet to think of. I was a simple, loving, romantic soul, and he thought it but a holiday to take all the glory out of my life, and all the trust out of my heart."

"Are you sure of that, darling?"

"Quite sure. He left me in Rome one list of November; I never saw him again, and he never wrote me a line."

"He was killed three days afterward, dearest, in a pass of the Apennines. There was a long letter to you in his pocket, but it was unfinished and had no address. I have it here. Will you read it?"

"No, no, John; it is too late now. You knew Stephen?"

"He was my dearest friend. We were traveling together. I knew that he was deeply in love with a young English girl, but he was very secret and jealous about this matter. I did not care to irritate him with questions, for he regarded the subject as too sacred a one for common conversation. Sooner or later I was sure he would give me his confidence. Alas! he had only strength after he was stabbed to whisper some words which were quite inaudible, and explained nothing. The brigands who had attacked us suffered me to redeem my friend's body and my own life, and I kept as a sacred trust and relic the letter he had intended for you, and your picture. The lovely face gradually became a dream and a hope to me; I sought you all over Europe; I have not found you now only to lose you, have I, Elizabeth?"

She answered at first by a passion of tears and sobs. It was a gracious rain, and washed away all the sense of wrong that had bittered so many years. It was just, also, that she should first give this tribute to the memory of a lost and wronged love. John understood the feeling, and shared it. After all, it was a short sorrow, from which it was spring for their long years of confident joy.—Harper's Weekly.

Explosives.

Rapid and strong explosives are very useful in hasty operations for the destruction of abatis, palisades, stockades, barriers, and other military obstructions, and they form a regular part of the material in foreign armies. They serve likewise to remove walls, houses and other cover for an enemy to destroy with celerity bridges, particularly iron-trussed railway viaducts, and in various ways, not necessary to mention, are useful in attack and defence. In industrial uses they have perforated mountain ranges to open rapid communications between nations, have removed rocks and other hard obstructions from the channels of rivers, and destroyed submarine wrecks. They have been applied to break up the subsoil to depths of six to ten feet to aid the growth of trees. They have removed masses of cast or wrought iron which accumulate below the tap-holes of cupolas or form in the crucibles of blast furnaces. They have broken up ice dams interfering with navigation and producing inundations. They have sometimes been used in felling trees, but this is not expedient, except for hasty military operations to deprive an enemy of cover or to create an obstruction to his advance. They are effective in removing stumps from fields and from the channels of rivers. The gigantic operations of blasting which have opened lines of communication by land and by water would probably never have been undertaken but for the discovery of quick explosives. For unlawful uses, to serve the purposes of assassination and destruction of property, they can be applied only upon a limited scale and with nearly fruitless results, as experience has already fully demonstrated. Attempts in this way, made on a large scale, to force social changes and overturn Governments, would require both time and money and an elaborate plan of operations, which could not pass without detection and suppression, unless favored by organized masses of people sufficient in numbers and power to initiate revolution and war.—General Newton, in North American Review.

—On the bill of fare in New York Italian restaurants coffee is one cent per cup; steaks, chops and stews, three cents; pastry, three cents; beer, two cents; whisky and brandy, three cents. These places are thronged daily by persons of all nationalities.—N. Y. Herald.

The Luray Caves to Virginia.

The Tech, the organ of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, publishes a description of the Luray Caves in Virginia, which have been known to the public for the past five years. They were discovered in 1873. The writer of this paper says:

The entrance to the caverns is through a narrow passage about twenty-five feet in length, leading into a room of moderate size, where the attention of the visitor is arrested by the hundreds of stalactites and stalagmites around him, forming all sorts of curious shapes. But one soon learns to regard these things as common, and contentedly hurries on with the guide to see some of the wonderful resemblances to the things of the outside world.

Adjoining the grand entrance hall is an apartment called the fish market, where the lime has so taken the shape of strings of fish that the resemblance to our own fish markets is quite apparent, though the writer was at a loss to determine the peculiar species. Some, however, better versed in the science of zoology, unhesitatingly pronounce them to be a species of bass, perch, shad, mackerel, etc.; at least, so says the guide. Winding through various corridors leading into rooms of different dimensions, and passing by gigantic columns and deep gorges, notably the rift called Pluto's Chasm, about seventy-five feet deep and five hundred feet in length, through which we are told the god is supposed to have borne Proserpine to the under world—we finally come to the Giant's Hall, which is especially interesting as containing the organ and the fallen column, a huge mass of limestone twenty-five feet in length, the age of which, as estimated by some scientists, is several millions of years.

This statement may at first seem strange, but after considering the following experiment we no longer doubt the assertion. A glass tumbler was placed beneath some dripping lime water, that the time taken to form an incrustation might be observed, and at the end of five years a crust not more than one eighth of an inch in thickness was formed under the most favorable conditions. The organ is composed of stalactites and stalagmites, which have formed continuous columns from ceiling to floor, which not only resembled the pipes of an organ but to some extent gave forth actual musical sounds, soft and sweet. The writer regrets to say, however, that "Yankee Doodle" was the tune whose notes desecrated the sanctified cathedral of the deceased giant.

The Wet Blanket is, however, voted by all the most perfect and interesting phenomenon in the cave. In a dark corner of the cavern the lime has the form of a large sheet suspended from the roof. Towards the end of this sheet have been formed, by the precipitation of iron, two red bands about two inches in width, with the yellow color given to it by the dripping water, take on the appearance of a veritable wet blanket.

Of special scientific interest are the helictites—rare formations, which project horizontally from the walls of the cave from two to three inches. These, the guide-book tells us, are due to slow crystallization taking place on a surface barely moist from material conveyed to the point of growth by a capillary movement. It is hard to control the desire to pull off these helictites and other specimens as one passes along. But the exercise of this will-power is helped in a great measure by "the mechanic spirits of this under world, gnomes and imps," in the shape of little darkies, "who dart from shadow to shadow, behind column and angle, to watch that we do no harm to the marvelous handiwork." There is, moreover, a further inducement to keep one's hands off, in a fine of from five to one hundred dollars for every specimen broken. It is, therefore, rather an expensive place for over zealous specimen hunters; but the writer would advise all others who travel South by the beautiful Shenandoah Valley to spend a day at Luray and see for themselves its wonders.

Moose Hunting.

The time is close at hand when the moose will become extinct. Pursued all seasons of the year by roving Indians and hunter tramps, to say nothing of the common ruck of sportsmen, bulls, cows with young, and half-grown calves are killed indiscriminately at all seasons. These creatures are the largest of the deer family, measuring, when full grown, five feet eight inches to six feet in height, and weighing twelve hundred pounds or more. They have a coarse, erect mane, while under the throat dangles a long tuft of hair. Animals indigenous to these high latitudes usually assume a white fur during the winter months; that on the moose, on the contrary, becomes much darker in color. Their antlers are foliated and of immense weight and size, averaging six feet from tip to tip, and weighing upward of sixty pounds. By the month of June they have again attained the normal size. Their fore-legs are so disproportionately in length as to be seriously interfere with their grazing; consequently, when feeding upon grass, they will, if possible pasture upon a slope. Their hind-feet are splayed, and furnished with long, loose, horny points, which rattle as they shamble along. Notwithstanding their awkwardness and great size, when alarmed they travel with astonishing speed, seemingly impossible in an animal crowned with such immense and weighty antlers. His head-gear, however, gives him, when in flight, less trouble than his legs. The head, carried so high as to prevent him from seeing the ground directly in his front, causes him to trip and stumble over the fallen trunks and branches which may lie in his path. The cow-moose is somewhat smaller than the male; her coat has a more reddish tinge. Early in life she gives birth to but one calf; as she advances in years the number is increased to two.

"Crusting" (or hunting with snowshoes), "driving," "creeping," and "calling" are the various methods employed to hunt the moose. "Crusting" is the method employed when snow is upon the ground. It is, moreover, the most certain and deadly manner of killing the animal. Its great weight and the formation of its splayed hoofs render it comparatively helpless when attacked and pursued on the crust of the

snow. At every step it breaks through the surface, cutting its legs, so that its tracks are marked by trails of blood. Even when taken at a disadvantage which "crusting" offers, a vigorous man on snow-shoes must put forth all his powers of endurance in order to overtake it, its enormous strength enabling it to flounder for a considerable distance at great speed. In consequence of the difficulty which the moose experience in traveling in the snow, they form during the winter season what are called "yards." Large numbers congregate together in the depth of the forest. The trampling of their feet soon beats down the deep snow. This forms a rampart all about them. As they move in a circle in feeding, this bank is always about them. The wolves hover on the edges, ready to pick up any discontented old bull which may be expelled by his companions. They know better than to enter the portals; in a moment they would be torn to pieces by the sharp hoofs of the moose.

In the spring and summer the moose frequent the edges of sedge lakes and lagoons buried deep in the forest. In the waters of these they submerge themselves until only their heads are visible, in order to escape from the tormenting attacks of the black fly. Moreover, they find in these sheets of water aquatic plants on which they delight to feed. At this season they may be approached in canoes much more readily than in the forest.

More reprehensible still is the "calling" of moose; it is, however, above every other form of shooting, whether for large or small game, the most interesting and exciting. It is a shabby way, however; but no man, no trapper who he may be, and how thoroughly equipped with the exalted sporting principles can resist its most potent attractiveness. "Calling" is practiced during the rutting season. It consists in imitating the call of the cow-moose by means of a birch-bark cone. On a clear, still night, the caller, armed with his trumpet, mounts to the top of a high tree. From his lofty perch he projects to a great distance in the still air of the night the bellow of the cow-moose. For a long time he repeats the call without a response. At last, in the far distance, the answering cry of the bull is heard. The caller now descends from the tree and joins the hunters at its base. The bull, in response to the call of the guide, approaches nearer and nearer. The success of the stratagem now depends entirely on the skill with which the caller imitates the low deep grunts of the cow. If he makes a single blunder, the male hesitates in advance, takes alarm, and hurries off. If, on the contrary, his call is up to all the requirements of the occasion, the hunter is rewarded by the sight of a magnificent animal, his chest elevated, and great wreaths of vapor issuing from his distended nostrils. There is not a moment to lose. The hunter shoots at once. The animal lingers but an instant, for his instinct tells him that where he stands the cow-moose should be.—Gaston Fay, in Harper's Weekly.

A Finny Jester.

In some quiet nook or corner of the sunfish pond we have made friends with the dace (Rhynchichthys abronasus), another little nest-builder, and a veritable finny jester. Stretched upon the green turf that overshadows their homes, we have caught glimpses of them, and, perhaps unseen, played the spy upon their domestic doings.

Life to them is a gala time. What games and sports they have! Looking down between the leaves, we see in their every action a reflex of boyhood days. Now in jest they join in the chase of some intruding minnow, suddenly changing their course and rising to dash at some resplendent dragon-fly that, with staring eyes, hovers over the growing canopy of their home; again they dart about the surface, rising at impossible flies and bits of floating weed. One more daring than the rest fairly clears a lily-pad; another lands upon the partly submerged leaf, the momentary struggle to escape attracting the attention of the sharp-eyed kingfisher, who dashes down fiercely in fruitless chase, a dire warning to the sportive fishes. All is not play, however, even among the dace. In the warm weeks of June come the sterner duties, the nesting-time; male and female join in the preparation, and the locality is selected, perhaps in some running brook, in shallow water. Roots, snags and leaves are carried away, both sometimes tugging at a single piece taking it down stream, and working faithfully, until we, who are watching from the bank despite the strong protest of the ants, see a clearing over two feet in diameter. Here the first eggs are deposited, and the male, who has retired, soon appears from up-stream, bearing in its mouth a pebble, that is placed among the eggs that form a layer in the center of the clearing. Now they both swim away, soon returning, each bearing a pebble in its mouth, that is dropped upon the eggs. Slowly the work goes on, until a layer of clean pebbles apparently covers the eggs; now the female deposits a second layer of eggs, and more pebbles are brought, the little workers scowering the neighborhood for them, piling up stones and eggs alternately until the heap attains a height of eight inches or more, formed in various shapes, sometimes pyramidal or dome-shaped—monuments of the patience of these finny house-keepers. Who would suspect their purpose? Even the gleaners of the golden fields, in whose brooks our little friends are found, have not discovered their secret, and think the curious piles washings of the brook itself.—C. F. Holder, in Harper's Magazine.

—For the benefit of editors, it should be stated that expert burglars have invented a new way of cracking safes. They bore through between the combination and handle. A thread is then cut in the hole and a screw inserted, by means of which the lock is forced in. Journalists who have hitherto depended upon being awakened by an explosion and then rush out to the marauders with shotguns and bludgeons will have to devise something for the protection of their wealth.—Indianapolis Journal.

—A thirty-year-old clock at San Marcus, Tex., that has been silent eight years, waked up the other day and struck 180 without stopping.—Chicago Times.

How Disraeli Would Have Had London.

One of Disraeli's favorite ideas was that London ought to be made the most magnificent city in the world—a real Kaiserstadt or imperial town, a model to all other cities in the character of its public buildings, the sanitary perfection and outer picturesqueness of its private houses, the width of its streets, etc. When Napoleon III. commenced the re-edification of Paris he used to say: "Is it not pitiful that the Emperor should be doing by force what we could do so much better of our own free will if we had a proper pride, to say nothing of good sense, in the matter?" He found many congenial listeners, and one in particular, Mr. Baillie Cochrane, now Lord Lamington (the Buckhurst of "Coningsby,") whose artistic tastes are well known. But he was generally met by some such theories as satisfied the Aylesbury tradesman, or by talk about that eternal want of peace which vexes public men. Once when he was staying at Knole he launched out into a parody of Macaulay's idea of the New Zealander meditating over the ruins of London Bridge. He imagined this personage reconstructing a row of villas at Brixton. "What a picture he would make of it; he would naturally suppose that knowing how to build, and having just awoken to a knowledge of sanitation, we had built according to the best ideas in our heads." Then he took his New Zealander among the ruins of the stately commercial palaces crowded in narrow lanes all round the Bank and the Exchange: "He would conclude that there must after all have been some tyrannical laws which prevented our merchants from combining their resources to make their streets spacious and effective, for it would seem absurd to him that intelligent men should, at a great cost, have built palaces for themselves in holes and corners where nobody could admire them properly, when, by acting in concert, they might at much less expense have set much finer palaces in noble avenues, courts and squares." Then Disraeli broke out into an animated description of his regenerate London, with Wren's four grand approaches to St. Paul's, boulevards transecting the metropolis in all directions, and the palace of Whitehall rebuilt after Inigo Jones' designs to make new Government offices. He would have covered the embankment pedestals with statues of Admirals set in colossal groups recalling great naval achievements, and he thought Stepmore ought to have its cathedral of St. Peter—the church of a sea-faring nation, dedicated to the fisherman saint—and containing memorials to all the humble heroes, sailors or fishermen, who lost their lives performing acts of courage on the water. "The names of such men ought not to perish," he used to say. When he had finished speaking somebody observed that his plan would cost £200,000,000, and convert every rate-payer into a porcupine. "We may have to pay £500,000,000 in the end for doing things in the present way," he answered; "and as to the porcupine, he is manageable enough if you handle him in the right way."—Temple Bar.

An Enterprise for Lending Money in New York.

Readers of one of the leading daily newspapers see every day such advertisements as the following:

A.—LOANS MADE ON SALARIES. Address B.—at—Office.

An unfortunate clerk tells the story of his experiences with this advertiser, and from other sources it has been learned that there are many persons engaged in the nefarious business.

"I am a clerk, with a salary of twelve dollars a week. Recently I was in want of a lump sum of money, and the advertisement of a man who wants to lend money on salaries caught my eye. I wrote to him, and by the next mail received his name and address. It was W. Rodman Winslow, Room 22, Vanderbilt Building, Beekman and Nassau streets. I called at his office, and after some difficulty succeeded in borrowing fifty dollars. I was asked how long I had been in my position (I am a clerk on Nassau street), then what I was getting in the way of salary, and finally whether the cashier of the firm would agree to pay my weekly orders from my salary. I answered these questions, and said I would make the arrangements for the payments. On the next day I called again, and found the papers drawn up. Under these I was to pay six dollars a week for seven weeks, and eight dollars for the eighth week. But what do you think the charges were? First, I paid twenty-five cents for drawing the articles of agreement, then I had to pay twenty-five cents more for a Notary's certificate, and then forty-three cents interest on the money for two months. But the crowning charge was a premium of ten dollars for the accommodation. My account then stood thus:

Paid for premium	\$10 00
Paid for agreement	25 00
Paid for notary	25 00
Paid for interest	43 00

Received in cash \$10 00
Thus, when I paid interest, premium and fees (which I did at the very start, and had to do under the articles of agreement), I had thirty-nine dollars and seven cents, and was under engagement to pay fifty dollars in eight weeks. This, I estimated, is borrowing money at the rate of two hundred and fifty per cent. per annum. To tell you the struggle I had for those eight weeks to make both ends meet at my little home would be impossible. But I went through with it and was finally free from the blood-sucker."

"Are there many clerks who patronize these usurers?"
"Hundreds of them. You see the advertisements are alluring, and most men are willing to pay well for accommodations of this kind. Of course, they feel sore when they find that they are paying that ten dollars premium, but they are in debt to the usurer, for one reason or another, at all times, and in the course of a year pay him one-half or perhaps more of their salaries."—N. Y. Cor. Philadelphia Times.

—A vessel which arrived at New Bedford, Mass., recently, brought an eagle which alighted on the masthead when the vessel was fifteen hundred miles from any land.—Boston Post.

—There is only one negro in Montague, Tex., and he is the porter at the hotel.

Sheep in Winter.

We have frequently urged upon flockmasters the need of good shelters for their sheep, and even in those Western sections where it has been the custom to pasture the sheep through the winter months, with no shelter whatever, the aggregate losses have taught the lesson that shelter pays. But the mistake must not be made of supposing that shelter will take the place of food. Shelter is not for the purpose of keeping sheep protected from the cold, unless it is bitterly cold, but is more for the purpose of keeping them from the storms. Sheep care little for cold weather, but of course that cannot be said of them with reference to food. If either is to be left out of the care given to a flock, it should be the shelter. Sheep have passed the winter upon good food, without shelter, and come out in the spring in fine condition, but they never come out in good condition without a plentiful supply of good food, however good the shelter may be. Thousands of sheep have no other shelter than an open shed, and they will prefer to be outdoors in good, clear, dry weather rather than being shut up in a warm stable. The fleece of the animal is intended to keep it warm, and it performs its office. If to the warmth thus furnished is added that of a warm stable, the animal will be uncomfortable, and hence the only excuse for shutting sheep up to keep them out of the storms. It is a great deal better to have their shelter of such a character that they can use it or not as suits them, than it is to confine them. If they can have a tight roof above them, and a clean dry floor on which to lie, and a sufficient protection from beating storms, they will want nothing more in the way of a house or shed. When it is convenient such a shelter may be constructed, and yet be so built that when necessity shall require it can be entirely closed up. When that is done, however, the ventilation should be perfect.

But the feeding should be full and judicious from the time the sheep are taken from the pasture until spring comes. The flockmaster understands that it is a delicate operation to change from green to dry foods. It is a radical change in management, and must be made as easily as possible. Roots at such times play an important part, and they are important as food all through the winter months. Of these the sugar beet, with its 81.5 per cent. of water, 1.00 per cent. of flesh formers, 15.40 per cent. of fat formers and 1.3 per cent. of woody fiber, comes first in value; mangolds, composed of 87.78 per cent. of water, 1.54 per cent. of flesh formers, 8.60 per cent. of fat formers and 1.12 of woody fiber, come next; rutabagas, with 89.40 per cent. of water, 1.44 per cent. of flesh formers, 5.93 per cent. of fat formers and 2.54 per cent. of woody fiber, stand third; yellow turnips, with 90.57 per cent. of water, 1.80 per cent. of flesh formers, 4.64 per cent. of fat formers and 2.34 of woody fiber, are fourth, and white round turnips, composed of 90.43 per cent. of water, 1.14 per cent. of flesh formers, 2.96 per cent. of fat formers and 2.00 per cent. of woody fiber, come last.

As to the quantity of roots to feed, experience must determine. As a general rule it has been stated by sheep raisers that one-tenth of a bushel of roots per day, together with one and a half pounds of hay and a half pound of meal or bran is sufficient for a sheep weighing a hundred and fifty pounds. It will be found by beginners in sheep husbandry, as all experienced flockmasters have found, that sheep like a change of food, and besides pleasing the sheep, change of feed aids us in getting rid of some of our foods which are less valuable. What we need particularly in feeding fattening sheep in winter are fat forming foods, of course, and the more oil or fat the food contains the better it is. Sugar and starch are turned by the processes of digestion into fat, but it requires a much larger proportion of either of these to produce a given weight of fat than it does oil or fat. It is estimated that it requires two and a half times more of sugar or starch to produce a certain amount of fat or to maintain respiration than it would require of oil or fat. We see a practical illustration of this by comparing corn and cotton seed meal. Corn contains over sixty-eight per cent. of fat formers, while cotton seed meal contains only about thirty-three per cent. But the cotton seed meal contains sixteen per cent. of fat, while corn contains but five per cent. Take flax seed. It contains fifty per cent. of fat forming elements, a lesser proportion than corn contains. But thirty-seven per cent. of these elements is oil. Flax seed and cotton seed are really the most valuable fat producers that we have.

For the growing animals we want flesh forming foods. And in this connection we give a formula which Randall recommends as a capital substitute for oil cake, and as furnishing a very fine food for a growing animal. He also recommends it for a ewe giving milk. Ground linseed forty pounds, wheat bran sixty pounds, flour of bone four pounds. Eleven per cent. of this is fat formers and the balance flesh formers, saline matter and water.—*Western Rural.*

Bill Arp and the Young Folks.

Parents and teachers ought to be mighty patient with children. Some have more capacity and some more memory. Some are slow and some are quick. It is not the smartest child that makes the smartest man or woman. It is a powerful strain on some of 'em to keep up, and the dull ones oughtn't to be crowded until they hate books and dread the time of going to school. Some folks send their children to school to get rid of 'em, but my opinion is the parents ought to help the teacher every night. It shows the children how much interest they feel in their education. It is a sign of a good teacher when the children get ambitious to keep up and get head marks, and bring their books home at night and want to go to school if it is raining a little. Wrap 'em up and let 'em go. There is nothing that demoralizes a school boy like staying at home every few days and getting behind the class. We used to walk three miles to school, and we never minded it at all. It was a frolic all the way there and all the way back, and we did have the best dinners in the world. Delmonico never had as good things as our mothers used

to fix up for us. It seems to me so now.

A child's life is full of romance and fun—the best sort of fun. A child's dreams are splendid, but we don't dream now, hardly ever. I used to read Robinson Crusoe and dream it all over again. How I did long to be shipwrecked on an island and raise monkeys and goats and parrots. Slow children are generally sure children, but they don't show off much. Daniel Webster was most always foot in his class, but when he learned anything he never forgot it. Some boys are wild and restless and have no love for books, but they oughtn't to be given up or harked or abused continually. If they have good parents they will come to themselves afterwards. They will sow their wild oats and gather the crop and get tired of that sort of farming. I was reading the other day about Oliver Goldsmith, who I reckon was the worst vagabond in all England, and was kicked about and abused by everybody, and got in jail, and sometimes slept in the corner of the fence and liked to have perished to death, but he came to himself at last and made one of England's best and greatest men. The three worst boys that ever lived in Rome are now good men, splendid men, and are honored and respected. They had good parents. Give a dog a bad name and everybody wants to kick him.

Good men ought to notice the bad boys specially, and speak kindly to 'em and offer to help 'em and make 'em feel that they are not Ishmaelites. Some boys get so much abuse at home and abroad that they are astonished when a decent man speaks to 'em. Some folks give 'em no consideration but want to see 'em go to jail or to the calaboose, which is the worst thing that can be done for a boy, for he never gets over it and grows desperate. It is astonishing how long a little sin or a little humiliation will follow a boy. One time a boy stole a quarter of a dollar from another boy at school, and that followed him to his grave. He got to be a great man and was thirty years in Congress and was a Senator, and one day, when he made a bitter speech against the corruption of the opposite party and denounced their stealing and plundering by wholesale, one of his opponents replied by saying he would remind the gentleman that preachers of morality should come into the pulpit with clean hands—that Ben Franklin said, 'He that would steal a pin would steal a bigger thing,' and he asked no quarters from the gentleman on that score."

So, boys, remember and keep your hands clean. Folks will forgive mischief and a heap of other things, but they won't forgive meanness.—*Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.*

Fashion Notes.

Ellen Terry bonnets and slippers are already displayed. White kid bonnets are imported, trimmed with a flat garniture of pearl and crystal bead-work or hand painted around the edges in small, delicately-colored flowers and buds.

Opera pelerines made of white Ziblinette, with hat and fan of white ostrich tips, are the height of fashion just now. These are mostly worn with toilets of dark blue, ruby or dove-gray velvet.

Though less universally worn, the reign of large-plaided materials is not over; but few costumes are made of them solely, combinations of plain woolsens or velveteens being considered better taste. The newest have the tunic blouse front draped on the cross, the diagonal lines not then having the effect of increasing size.

The style of a certain waist worn over half a century ago is now copied and admired by ultra-fashionable young ladies. The waist is sharply pointed front and back, while over the front is laid a shirred piece which reaches from the throat to the extreme point, where it ends in a bow and ends of satin ribbon. The sleeves are puffed and shirred, and are exceedingly high on the shoulder.

Tailor-made costumes of dark blue, green, or brown velveteen, with toque and muff to match, will be in great fashion this winter. The furor for velveteen is greater than ever, but it is positively necessary that it be of the best quality only. Some very attractive costumes are being sent over by leading modistes of London, Paris and Vienna, of a combination of soft woolen plaids and velveteen, and also of velveteen and ottoman cloths in monochrome. Many ladies are now wearing half capes and mouchoir muffs made of dark velvet bordered with brilliant feather trimming. Muffs and collars made wholly of fine feathers are conspicuously fashionable, and usually match the bonnet or turban. As a rule, golden brown feathers are in great quest. Brown is undoubtedly one of the colors par excellence, and it is wonderful how innumerable are the tones discoverable in a color that would seem to admit of so few variations.

Some of the new French polonaises of velvet are shaped in front to form a waistcoat. The sides lengthen into long panels, which reach nearly to the foot of the dress skirt. The trimming borders these panels, and is carried up each side of the bodice, portion framing the waistcoat. Handsome medallions and pendants of passementerie are placed in the centre of the panels, and on the richer models these are very often nearly covered with a magnificent silk embroidery tufted with raised chenille work.—*N. Y. Post.*

The will of Kate Townsend, the woman who was killed in New Orleans recently, has been admitted to probate. Curiously enough, the fortune of over two hundred thousand dollars, which she had accumulated, is left in bulk to the ruffian who murdered her, and who is now in jail to stand trial for the crime. Another incident worthy of note in this terrible tragedy is the name of the murderer—Sykes—for, taken in connection with the history of the lives of the unhappy woman and her brutal lover, it recalls to every reader of Dickens the curious story of Nancy and Bill Sykes.—*N. O. Picayune.*

According to the decision of a Baltimore Justice, a husband is liable and can be sued for whatever slander his wife utters.

Georgia charges circuses two hundred dollars for each exhibition.

Diamonds for Drills.

"Diamonds are comparatively cheap nowadays," a rock drill manufacturer said, "and the diamond bit sets used in the diamond drills do not cost as much as they did."

"Are genuine diamonds used in these drills, or are they chaffed diamond drills because the steel has an extremely hard temper?" the reporter asked.

"Diamonds are used in the drills. They are chiefly one and two carat stones. At present they cost about twenty dollars a carat. They are in the rough. The diamond-set bit is hollow. It is a steel thimble, having three rows of diamonds embedded in it, so that the edges of those in one row project from its face, while the edges of those in the other two rows project from the inner periphery respectively. The diamonds of the first mentioned row cut the path of the drill in its forward progress, while those of the outer and inner periphery of the tool enlarge the cavity."

"How are the diamonds set in the bit?"

"The bit is of soft steel, in which holes are drilled. After the diamonds are fitted the metal is hammered against them so that they remain firm."

"Do the diamonds wear out?"

"Their edges which come in contact with the rock get a little smooth, and they are taken out and reset, so that a fresh edge is presented."

"Have all the hollow drills three rows of diamonds?"

"No. Some have only one row, but these are not very large. The diamonds stand out from the steel setting, so that the steel does not come in contact with the rock."

"How are the diamond drills worked?"

"By a rapid rotation varying anywhere from four hundred to one thousand revolutions a minute. There are different machines used for different kinds of drilling. For deep boring a machine with a double oscillating cylinder engine is used, mounted on an upright or horizontal tubular boiler. The machine has a screw shaft made of heavy hydraulic tubing from five to seven feet in length, with a deep screw cut in the outside. The shaft also carries a spline, by which it is feathered to the lower sleeve gear. This gear is double, and connects by its upper teeth with a beveled driving gear, and by its lower teeth with a release gear, which is a friction gear, and is fitted to the lower end of the shaft, to the top of which a gear is feathered, fitting to the upper gear on the screw shaft, which has one or more teeth less than the upper gear on the feed shaft, whereby a differential feed is produced. This friction gear is attached to the bottom of the feed shaft by a friction nut, producing a combined differential and friction feed, which renders the drill perfectly sensitive to the character of the work through which it is passing, and maintaining a uniform pressure. The drill rod, made of heavy lap-weld tubing, passes through the screw shaft and is held firm by a chuck at the bottom of the screw shaft. To the lower end of this tubular boring rod the bit is screwed, and to the upper end is a watch swivel, to which connection is made with a steam pump. You can see by this that the machine is very simple and not likely to get out of order."

The reporter fell into a chair. When he came to, the drill man was saying: "The screw shaft, being rotated and fed forward, rotates the drill rod and bit, cutting an angular channel."

"Where do you get the diamonds for the bits?" the reporter asked in desperation.

"They come principally from Brazil. Some come from Siberia and some from the South of Africa; the latter, however, are more glassy and are not so tough as the Brazilian diamonds, and are much more likely to crush under pressure."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Evolution of the English Post-office.

James I established the first post-office in England, but only for foreign mails. His son, Charles, however, extended the system and started the first domestic line, but his object was not so much to accommodate his subjects as to inaugurate a profitable monopoly, against which, by the way, the House of Commons, fought most lustily. They were, however, a few years subsequently the foremost in putting down an attempted opposition post started by the municipal authorities of London.

In the latter part of this century (about 1690) a district post was established in London as a separate department, and put under the control of one Dockwra, who seems to have had an eye to the main chance, for we find in a few years a memorial presented against him, which charges that he willfully "doth what in him lies to lessen the revenue of the district post-office that he may farm it or get it into his own hands," for which purpose it was alleged that he had removed the post-office to an inconvenient place. Fancy the postmaster of Chicago, which is about the size London was then, removing the post-office to some out of the way corner, and as the memorial goes on to say, "forbidding the taking in of any band boxes (except very small) and all parcels above a pound, and stopping under specious pretences most parcels that are taken in, which is great damage to tradesmen by losing their customers or spoiling their goods, and many times hazard the life of the patient when physic is sent by the doctor or apothecary." It is gratifying to know that further danger to the unhappy patients whose physic was thus delayed was removed by the summary dismissal of the ambitious postmaster.

At the time of Mr. Dockwra's escapades the Post-office Department was in the hands of two Postmasters General, Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Tomas Frankland, whose practical wisdom and energy is manifest in all their doings. We find them at one moment petitioning the lords of the treasury to reduce the postage, on the ground that "where we have made the correspondence more easier and cheaper, the number of letters has thereby been much increased;" at another we see them ordering their packets to beware of the numerous privateers, and urging them to run while they can, fight when they can no longer run, and throw the mails overboard when they can no longer

fight. The capture by a French privateer of a mailboat in the very bay of Dublin induced our Postmaster General to build "boats of force to withstand the enemy," after which they were more at ease, one of them feeling sufficiently at ease to indulge in an occasional bit of the gout, as appears from frequent notices in the Agent's Letter Book to this effect: "Your business cannot be settled until Sir Thomas Frankland, who hath a fite of the gout, shall be somewhat recovered."

Their surveyor or special agent made a yearly visit to each postmaster in the Kingdom. At Petersfield he "found the postmaster so unhappy in his circumstances that he cannot appear but on Sundays," by which he means that the worthy officer was liable to arrest for debt if he came out of doors on a week day. At Chester he "found the deputy very uneasy in his mind. He charged the clerk with being frequently out and keeping company thought to be more expensive than the wages allowed him." He complains that the gentry "doe give much money to the riders, whereby they are very subject to get in liquor; which, zealous the males." All the surveyor's letters prove him to have been as zealous for the service as his two principals, whose deputies, especially in the foreign packet service, had sometimes very curious consignments to test their fidelity and ingenuity. It is not to be supposed, for instance, that they were able to put into the mail bag fifteen couple of hounds going to the King of the Romans, especially as that same mail took "two servant maids going as landresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen;" nor is it likely that "Doctor Crichton, carrying with him a cow and divers other necessities" (even though he and his cow were post-office consignments), was compelled to go along with "a deal case containing four flitches of bacon."

But the most mysterious item of all contained in these old post-office records is "two bales of stockings for the use of the Ambassador of the Crown of Portugal." What mystery is here? For, suppose the worthy diplomat, with all his family, to have changed their hose thrice daily, the two bales would have still lasted a half a generation. It is not to be supposed that he had imbibed Eastern habits and customs, and had inaugurated a seraglio in London. What then is the solution? I fear it is destined to be an historical mystery, compared to which the identity of Junius or of the man in the iron mask are clear as translucent crystal.

Up to the year 1784 the privilege of franking was allowed to all members of Parliament and to official departments, and it had by that time grown to be a great abuse. Members were in the habit of distributing vast quantities of franks among their friends, and of providing their servants with them in such numbers that these latter drove a flourishing trade in them. But in this year severe restrictions were imposed and continued till the abolition of franking in 1840.

Up to the year 1784 the mails were carried on horseback. They were now transferred to the much faster passenger coaches, whose time continued to improve with the improvement of roads and appliances till the maximum of about ten miles an hour, including stoppages, was reached early in the present century. But even this would not do, so in 1830 the first mail was carried on the railway from Liverpool to Manchester.

In 1792 the first money order business was done, but the business never attained great proportions till 1840, when the Government charges were very much diminished. The savings bank was established in 1861. The telegraph system of the country was taken over by the Government in 1870, while the "parcels post," strange to say, did not come into being until August 1 of the present year.—*Cor. National Republican.*

Trimming an Elephant's Feet.

Yesterday Prof. George Arstingstall and four assistants were occupied all day in trimming the feet of two elephants. The operation is performed three times a year—once on the spring, once in the fall and again in the spring. The sole of an elephant's foot is heavily covered with a thick horny substance of material similar to the three toe-nails upon each foot, and as it grows thicker and thicker it tends to contract and crack, often laming the animal. When the work of trimming is undertaken, the elephant stands upon three legs and places the foot to be operated upon across a big tub. Two men hold the leg down and one stands at the animal's head to prevent him from turning. Then Prof. Arstingstall, with a two-foot drawing knife, proceeds to shave off great pieces of bone from the sole of the foot. Shavings of bone six inches by four and a quarter of an inch thick are rapidly cut, the edges of the foot being carefully trimmed. Often pieces of glass, wire, nails, etc., are found imbedded in the foot, which have been picked up during street parades. Sometimes these irritating morsels work into the leg and produce a festering sore. A large nail was found yesterday in Pallas' foot imbedded over three inches from the bottom. Prof. Arstingstall extracted it with a small pair of pincers, then syringed the wound with warm water, and subsequently covered it with tar. The Professor, when hurried on the road, sometimes draws out such nails with his teeth. Pallas apparently suffered great pain, but seemed to know that the operation would give relief. He held the foot high and quietly of his own accord until all was finished, then flourished his trunk, trumpeted, and expressed almost in words his sincere thanks.

After paring the foot, each toe-nail is cut between and then filed down, giving each foot a white, clean look with its settings of polished nails. It takes about six hours to finish dressing an elephant's feet, and it is said to be one of the hardest bits of work that the men have to do. While busy making the chips fly, Prof. Arstingstall said: "Did you know that three times around an elephant's front hoof is his exact height?" "No. Is that so?" "Yes, and to prove it, look here." Then he proceeded to measure the front foot of the brute, and three times its circumference was found, by mounting a ladder, to be the exact height of the animal.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Cor. New Haven Register.*

Pate Le Fie Gras.

Ducks and geese have to undergo a very cruel treatment in order to provide us "monsters" with those excellent *foies gras* that are found nowhere so good as in Paris. The unfortunate amphibious bird is fastened down to the floor of a dark cellar where a high degree of temperature is kept up and is fed to repletion on a preparation of oatmeal, barley and corn. In a few weeks its liver attains an extraordinary size and then the bird is killed. It is with this liver that is prepared one of the greatest gastronomic delicacies. These livers sometimes weigh four pounds apiece. Such livers readily command from thirty to forty cents apiece for ducks, and from forty to sixty cents per pound for geese. These gigantic livers for the most part come either from the south of France or from Strasburg, those from the last named place being the most highly esteemed. Some also from Austria, but those do not command such high prices.

The difference in the price between the livers of ducks and geese is that the former lose very much in volume when placed over the fire and not on account of any difference in the delicacy or flavor of the dish when made.

At Toulouse, which is famous in France for this, duck livers are preferred to those of geese, but at Strasburg, whose reputation for *foies gras* is world-wide, none but geese livers are used. Delicious as *foies gras* is, when properly prepared, it is an exceedingly indigestible dish, and few, even of those favored with the strongest stomachs, can venture to make on it a square meal. Still, as some of my young lady readers may like to try their fair fingers at compounding a *terrine de foie gras* with which to astonish their friends, I will give the following recipe, which is according to the formula in French families: Place the livers, five or six of them, according to their size, in cold water for several hours in order that whatever coagulated blood they may contain may be soaked out. Then place them over the fire in a saucepan filled with cold water and bring the water slowly to the boiling point, after which again place them in cold water for a few minutes and remove all fibrous portions, and especially all portions that may have touched the gall-bladder. Hash up about one-sixth of the livers with a pound of the best bacon, some twigs of parsley and a small quantity of mushrooms and truffles; add a little salt and pepper and place over the fire for fifteen or twenty minutes until it is thoroughly melted, and then spread it out on a flat plate to cool. When it is cold add the yolks of two perfectly fresh eggs, which have first been well beaten up. The *terrine* is an earthen dish, with a close-fitting cover, several inches deep and able to stand the fire. Spread a layer of the mixture over the bottom of such a dish and place on this one or two of the remaining livers, cut in halves; add a little salt and pepper and cover them with slices of truffles and then add other layers of the mixture. More livers, salt, pepper and truffles according to the depth of the *terrine* in a moderately hot oven and let it remain there for two hours. When you take it from the oven pour a small glass of old sherry over it, and as soon as it is cold it is ready for the table; but it gains a great deal by being kept over for a few days, so that the flavor of the truffles may permeate the whole dish equally. If the dish is not intended for immediate use it may be preserved for several months by not filling the *terrine* to the brim and by filling it up with a layer of fine melted lard, which will hermetically seal it.—*Paris Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Had the Proofs.

A hopping mad man at the Union depot wanted to see the President, Secretary, Superintendent and Treasurer all at once, and it would have done him a heap of good could he have got within striking distance of even a twenty thousand dollar stockholder in any of the railroads entering Detroit. To the several queries as to what was on his mind, he finally replied:

"I was coming in from Dearborn this morning, a walking on the track. My dog Bombo was with me. I've had that dog five years, and have been offered fifty dollars for him. He was a little green about railroads, but on everything else he was as sharp as a razor. We had got down about a mile this side of the village when I saw a train coming."

"And stepped aside?"

"Of course I did. I own one hundred and sixty acres of land and am a Highway Commissioner, but I ain't fool 'nuff to think I'm bigger'n a railroad train."

"But the dog?"

"He stopped, too. I reckon it was the first time he ever saw a train, but he'd have bin all right if the engineer hadn't begun to foot. The minit he heard that tootin' Bombo begun to bristle, and while the train was five hundred feet away he started down the track to meet it."

"Then—?"

"Wall," said the man as he mopped his forehead, "it was a leetle too much fur him. An engine and five cars ought to git away with a dog any day in the year. He riz about twenty feet high, I reckon, took a slant to the left, and when he came down he broke the top off a small tree."

"Well?"

"I motioned for the engineer to stop the train as soon as the dog started. He could have done it, but wouldn't. Indeed, when the train went past me he leaned out and laffed—yes, sir, laffed in my face."

"And you want damages?"

"I do! I want the worth of that dog and five hundred dollars for the shock to my nervous system."

"Have you proofs?"

"I should smile! Even when I'm all broke up I don't try to put the right boot on the left foot; see that!"

And he drew from his pocket a hind leg, two paws, an ear and a piece of the lost canine's tail and spread them on the bench. There was an expressive silence in the crowd, and then the Highway Commissioner called out:

"P-roads! P-roads! If them ain't p-roads who be they? Gentlement, I never had a lawsuit nor struck a man in my life, but if I don't take home a wad of greenbacks to settle this case the Michigan Central Road will want a hull new board of officers to-morrer!"—*De troit Free Press.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—A Boston oculist protests against dotted veils.

—Samuel Hoffman, of Ohio, went crazy because the Prohibition Amendment was not adopted.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—The Denver Medical Times says that there are more physicians in that city, in proportion to the population, than in any other in the United States.

—Two brothers named Lynch died in the same hospital in New Orleans recently without either knowing of the presence of the other.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—The most important and valuable stamp collection in the world belongs to a son of the Duchess of Galliera. Though it is yet incomplete, the stamps alone have cost \$300,000.

—It was a pet monkey that struck a match and fired the British bark Marquise at Bayonne, N. J., laden with 1,375 barrels of naphtha and 2,000 of petroleum.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Castleton (Vt.) man has lived within four miles of Lake Bonness twenty-five years and never set eyes upon it. His brother has crossed the ocean five times since 1860.—*Rutland Herald.*

—Mrs. Fred Fisk, of Canastota, N. Y., has a set of embroidered curtains, the work of her own hands, and which has occupied her four years. She has refused an offer of four thousand dollars for them.

—General Grant has had made at Hartford, for presentation to the Viceroy of China and the Mikado of Japan, two guns modeled after the Gardiner patent, which have been fired at the rate of seven hundred shots per minute.

—David Hawthorne, of Philadelphia, beat his wife. She dealt him a mortal blow with a tumbler. He lived a week, and went around all right, when the artery burst, causing death. His wife was exonerated by his own statement.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A civil engineer who recently surveyed one hundred and seventy miles of railway in Arkansas reports that the citizens strenuously opposed the construction of the road on the ground that it would scare all the game out of the country.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Pearl street, New York, is the crookedest street in the world. It is a mile and a half in extent, and yet its curves are so incessant that you cannot in any place see more than two squares ahead. It intersects Broadway twice, forming a half circle whose arc is nearly one mile in length.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—A New York Judge says there is no law to prevent a woman dressing in men's clothes if she wants to, and dismissed one in that garb brought before him by a valiant policeman. The Judge's head is level. Any woman so lost to the sense of the beautiful as to be willing to make herself hideous in the masculine costume of the day ought to be allowed the privilege.—*N. Y. Times.*

—On a railroad train from Macon, Ga., the other day was a remarkable couple. The gentleman was Mr. Thomas G. Smith and the lady was his sister. They were born in Sandersville, but at the age of eight years Mr. Smith went to Texas, where he lived and prospered up to a few weeks ago, when he returned to Georgia and met his sister after seventy years of separation.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The great Napoleon married a widow. Scarron's widow became a court favorite. Rousseau went crazy after a widow, and Gibbon, the historian, made himself ridiculous after one. Disraeli married a widow, and three of the most distinguished widows in Europe to-day are the Empress Eugenie, of the French; Queen Isabella, of the Spanish, and Queen Victoria, of the English.

—"Eyes of vair," the old phrase used by English poets, is a curious result of phonetic spelling. Vair is the spotted fur made by the skin of the gray squirrel; verre is the French word for glass. The poets evidently meant what Chaucer wrote: "Eyes as grey as glass," but they wrote vair, and hence the counterpart of the mistake about Cinderella's slipper, which was of "vair," not "verre."

—Long shelves in one of the offices at the White House contain cases, each of which bears the label "eccentric." These cases are crammed with written communications—bushels of them in all—which have been received by the President in the last two years, and which are so "eccentric" that no man can tell what their writers were trying to express. Such letters of course remain unanswered.—*Washington Star.*

—"Our own tobacco exports," says the Boston Advertiser, "are at least ten times larger than are those of Turkey; but probably few people know that in the production, consumption and export of tobacco America exceeds every other country, and that, as a producer of quantities, it is followed immediately by Russia, Hungary, Germany, France—not by Cuba, which has but about 4,500 tobacco farms, and exports less than does Turkey."

—A Philadelphia young man has gone into court in order to find out "a woman's reason." He was engaged to marry one of the elusive creatures, and not only engaged, but ready and willing to fulfill his promise, when she suddenly and without explanation, refused to see or have anything further to do with him. He now sues for breach of promise, not to recover pecuniary damages, but to find just why she treated him so. At the end of the trial the inquisitive young man will, probably, have learned that she jilted him because she wanted to.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Mrs. Charles Dunlap, living a few miles from Circleville, O., a poor woman, depending on daily labor for support, went to town one day recently and unexpectedly came across a man whom she had worked for several years, and received of him over \$200. This she had earned by hard labor. After shopping in town she set out for home, and on the way encountered two men on foot, one of whom asked permission to ride in her spring wagon. She refused, but offered to carry the man's valise, whereupon both men climbed into the wagon. One of them seized the reins, and the other seized Mrs. Dunlap by the neck and took her money, amounting to \$235. The robbers then fled.—*Chicago Times.*

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FOR PRESIDENT,
That uncrowned King of every Democratic heart,
SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
Mr. Tilden's companion in Victory and in Humiliation,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
Richard Reid, of Mt. Sterling, is a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, to succeed Judge Harlan—subject to the action of the Democracy of the First Appellate District.

REPRESENTATIVE Blackburn has introduced a bill in Congress for a public building at Lexington, to cost \$125,000.

The petition nuisance already threatens Congress. Kansas proposes to send on a document with 20,000 signatures asking that a Soldiers' Home be established in that State.

A Wisconsin man was found under a haystack yesterday. He had been there twenty-four days without food or water, and was willing to admit that hay as a steady diet was not very filling.

GOVERNOR KNOTT's style of purifying the Kentucky Penitentiary differs materially from that of his predecessor. Instead of discharging the prisoners, Proctor's plan is to discharge the officers.

THOS. S. PETTIT, of Owensboro, who ran against James Clay for Congressman from the Second district, has been appointed Tally Clerk of the House. Mr. Pettit was Tally Clerk at the last State Democratic Convention.

If Sullivan is to be permitted to knock an ox down upon the stage in New York, there should at least be the same fair play that is exercised at Spanish bull fights. The ox should have a chance to knock Sullivan down, and our money goes on the ox.

THE President has sent the following nominations for recess appointments in Kentucky to the Senate: Walter Evans, Commissioner of Internal Revenue; J. W. Cobby, Surveyor of Customs at Paducah; Edward Farley, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second District of Kentucky.

The bill to divide the State into two United States judicial districts has again been introduced in Congress. All that portion of the State east of Gallatin, Owen, Scott, Woodford, Mercer, Boyle, Casey, Russell and Clinton counties will constitute the Eastern district, with courts to be held at Lexington, Covington and Catlettsburg.

"To the victors belong the spoils," is a national adage, and is one that Governor Knott has as much right to observe as anybody. Therefore, we most heartily endorse everything that he does in way of remunerating his friends for past favors. There are too many little one-horse-papers wagging their jaws with a great deal of inconsistency just at present.

VIRGINIA has eleven cotton factories, and Georgia has fifty, all paying a dividend of from eight to twenty per cent. It is only a question of a very short time when the cotton industry will be confined wholly to the South. This will have the effect of liberating several hundred thousand slaves now in bondage of the Northern manufacturers, after which they will vote as they please.

The New York Herald, (Rep.) says of Carlisle being elected Speaker: It means that old fogies of the party—men afraid of their principles have lost their hold, and the young men of the party, men to whom politics means something more than mere office-getting, have come to the front. If the Democratic leaders have energy and intelligence, Carlisle's election means a sweeping Democratic victory next year. For the first time in many years there is before the party a fair prospect of success in popular favor, which they have long been seeking by many devious and false roads. At last they are on the right track. The result is a severe disappointment to the Republican politicians, who exclaim illogically but loudly, that it gives them the next Presidency.

PHOTOGRAPHY of the stars now forms an important part of the work done at the Harvard Observatory. A region of the heavens 15 degrees square is photographed at a single exposure, and eighteen of these pictures may be taken on a single plate. A map is thus made of a section of the stellar vault 90 degrees long by 45 wide, showing stars down to the fifth and sixth magnitudes. Smaller stars, down to the eighth magnitude, are shown in photographs of smaller areas. The magnitudes indicated by the photographs do not always correspond to those recorded as the determinations of eye observations. This is due to the effects of different colors among the stars. A red star, which may appear very brilliant to the eye, produces only a faint impression on the photographer's plate.

Sitting Bull's Speech Before the Common Council.

"Warriors and war-scarred veterans of the frontier: Once more the warpath is overgrown with bunch grass, and the tomahawk slumbers in the wigwam of the red man. Grim-visaged war has given place to the piping times of peace. The cold and cruel winter is upon us. It has been upon us for some time.

"The wail of departed spirits is on the night wind, and the wail of the man with the chilblain answers back from the warrior's wigwam.

"Children of the forest we are few. Where once the shrill war-whoop of the chieftain collected our tribe like the leaves of the forest, I might now yell till the cows come home without bringing out a quorum.

"We are fading away before the march of the paleface, and sinking into oblivion like the snow-flake on the bosom of the Stinking Water.

"Warriors, I am the last of a mighty race. We were a race of Chieftains. Alas! we will soon be gone. The Bull family will soon pass from the face of the earth. Ole is gone, and John is failing, and I don't feel very well myself. We are the victims of the paleface, and our lands are taken away.

"A few more suns and the civilization, valley tan, and hand made sour mash, and horse liniment of the paleface will have done their deadly work.

"Our squaws and papposes are scattered to the four winds of heaven, and we are left desolate.

"Where is The-Daughter-of-the-Tempest? Where is The-Wall-Eyed-Maiden-With-the-Peeled-Nose?

"Where is the Victoria Regina Dei Gracia Sitting Bull? Where is Knock-Kneed Chemiloon? Where are Sway-Back Sue and Meek-Eyed Government Socks?

"They have sunk beneath the fire-waters of the goggle-eyed Caucasian. They have succumbed to the delirium triangles, and when I call them they come not. They do not hear my voice. Their moans are heard upon the still night air, and they cry for revenge. Look at the sad remnant of the family of Sitting Bull, your chief. One sore-eyed squaw is left alone. Her face is furrowed o'er with the famine of many winters, and her nose is only the ruin of its former greatness. Her moccasins are worn out, and the soldier pants she wears are too long for her. She also is drunk. She is not as drunk as she can get, but she is hopeful and persevering. She has also learned to lie like the white man. She is now an easy, extemporaneous liar. When we gather about the camp fire and enact our untold lies in the gloaming, Lucretia Borgia Skowhegan Sitting Bull, with the inspiration of six fingers of agency coffin varnish, proceeds to tell the prize prevarication, and then the house adjourns, and nothing can be heard but the muffled tread of the agency corn beef, going out to get some fresh air. Lucretia Borgia is also becoming slovenly. It is evening, and yet she has not donned her evening dress. Her back hair is unkempt, and her front hair is unbung. Pretty soon I will take a tomahawk and bang it for her. She seems despondent and hopeless. As she leans against the trunk of a mighty oak and scratches her back, you can see that her thoughts are far away. Her other suspender is gone, but she don't care a cold smooth clam. She is thinking of her childhood days by the banks of Minnehaha.

"Warriors, we stand in the moccasins of a mighty nation. We represent the starving remnant of the once powerful Sioux. Our pirogue stands idly on the shore. I don't know what a pirogue is, but it stands idly on the shore.

"When the spring flowers bloom again, and the grass is green upon the plains, we will once more go upon the warpath. We will avenge the wrongs of our nation. I have not fully glutted my vengeance. I have seven or eight more gluts on hand, and we will shout our war-cry once more, and mutilate some more Anglo-Saxons. We will silence the avenging cries of our people. We will spatter the green grass and grey greasewood with the gore of the paleface, and feed the white-livered emigrant to the coyote. We will spread death and desolation everywhere, and fill the air with gun overtones and remains. Let us yield up our lives dearly while we wash the paleface beyond recognition, and shoot his hired man so full of holes that he will look like a suspension bridge.

"Warriors, there is our hunting ground. The buffalo, the antelope, the sagehen and the jackass rabbit are ours. Ours to enjoy, ours to perpetuate, ours to transmit. The Great Spirit created these animals for the red man, and not for the bilious tourists, between whose legs the chesnut sunlight penetrates clear up to his collar bone.

"Then we will ride down on the regular army, when he is thinking of something else, and we will scare him into convulsions, and our medicine men will attend to the convulsions while we sample the supplies.

"Then we will take some cold sliced Indian agent, and some bay rum, and go on a picnic.

"Warriors, farewell. Be virtuous and you will be happy; but you will be lonesome, sometimes. Think of what I have said to you about the council fire, and govern yourselves accordingly. We will not murmur at the celluloid cracker and cast iron codfish ball, but in the spring we will have veal cutlets for breakfast, and peace commissioner on toast for dinner. The squaw of Sitting Bull shall have a new pig hat, and if the weather is severe, she shall have two of them.

"Warriors, farewell. I am done. I have spoken. I have nothing more to say. Sic semper domino. Plumbago erysipelas, in hock eureka, sciatica, usufruct, limburger, gobraugh."—[BILL N.YE.]

HENRY J. SCHWARTZ.

JOHN SCHWARTZ.

H. J. SCHWARTZ & BRO.

WILL MOVE SATURDAY, TO THEIR

ELEGANT NEW STAND,

formerly Hill's Marble Works, where they have fitted up the handsomest

SALOON AND BILLIARD ROOM

in the city. They will keep the finest liquors, cigars and tobaccos at retail, and from their large beer cellar will be ready to supply both city and country trade in the best beer at city prices.

GO TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF OLD

SANTA CLAUS

-- AT --

Jo. Z. CROXTON'S

-- FOR --

Christmas Goods, Toys, Fire-Works, &c., &c.

He has a car-load of everything pertaining to the Holiday trade, and keeps a line of goods not found elsewhere in the State. Call early and pick from the top of the lot.

FRESH OYSTERS!

I am receiving direct from Baltimore FRESH OYSTERS from the old reliable house of E. L. Mallory & Co. House-keepers can depend upon getting the very best oysters and perfectly fresh.

Farm at Private Sale.

THE JAMES H. THOMPSON FARM, situated 2 1/2 miles north of this place, on the road leading to Headquarters, in Nicholas county, and containing

300 ACRES,

may be bought privately at any time between this and the 25th day of this month, but if not disposed of by that date, it will then be sold by public sale.

The farm has on it a large and substantial two-story stone dwelling; a new barn capable of containing fifteen acres of tobacco, and other usual outbuildings; abundance of unfailing water; ample supply of fine timber, and a large orchard bearing select fruit. The land is first quality, red soil, and nearly all of it excellent tobacco land. It will be sold in one or more tracts, if desired.

All claims against Mr. Thompson must be presented to the undersigned, legally attested, by the 20th of this month. Apply to Mr. LEBESBERG, Ky., Dec. 1, 1883.

OUR CLUBBING RATES

THE BOURBON NEWS clubs with the Detroit Free Press for \$3; with the Texas Siftings for \$3.50; and with the Weekly Courier-Journal for \$5. The News in addition gives a premium book worth a dollar, and the paper free from now until January 1st, 1884. Terms, invariably cash in advance.

JACKS FOR SALE.

I HAVE for sale five splendid Black Jacks, with white points, 3 years old, 15 1/2 hands high. They are of the best breeding, descending from Napoleon, Buena Vista and Imp. Mammoth. Two of them took the blue and red ribbons at the Paris Fair. Any one wishing to buy will please call and see them at J. Mc NROE LEER'S, Paris, Ky.

JUST LOOK AND LISTEN!

During stoppage of Paris Mills preparatory to building one of the very best Mills in America, exclusively Roller Machinery and will dispense with mill stones entirely, except for grinding corn. We have arranged with our Brother Miller to supply us with various grades of flour to run our trade during suspension. Some of our good grocery friends over in town officiously inform parties that the Paris Mills have suspended operation and we are not selling flour, such is not the fact, and they well know it. Capt. E. F. Spears of Bourbon Mills and Rogers & Boston of Carlisle are furnishing us a very good fancy flour, and I have made arrangements with Robinson & Co. of Mayfield to furnish us with their celebrated gold patent flour which the "World cannot beat." This flour is made exclusively by full sets of roller machinery, no mill stones used in its manufacture, no half roller process like some several mills who are shipping flour to Paris coheying the idea that they make full roller flour. It is impossible to make a quality of flour by this half process to compete with full roller flour.

Would especially request my patrons to try this Robinson & Co. gold patent flour. Guarantee to fully come up to representation or money refunded. In fact this guarantee extends to each and every brand or grade of flour we sell. Very Kindly and Ever Truly Yours, Paris, Ky., Dec. 7th, '83. WM. SHAW. [Dec-6w]

THE BEST PLACE IN TOWN

— TO BUY YOUR —

Christmas Confections

PHIL. NIPPERT'S!

Everything pertaining to the confectionery line, consisting of Cakes, Candies, Fruits, &c., can be bought at the lowest retail prices at Nippert's, on Main street, Paris, Ky., opposite Odd Fellows' Hall. Do not leave town without calling in. [Dec-10-54]

FRUIT AND CANDY STORE.

A fine stock of foreign and domestic Fruits, Candies, Confections, Nuts, Fire-works &c., specially selected for the holiday trade, your attention respectfully solicited. FRANK CELLA. Dec-11

NO TIME TO LOSE!

I HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE IN WAITING on my customers to write an advertisement for his sparkling little paper, but will hurriedly say that I have just returned from New York, and that

NEW GOODS

are tumbling in on me from EVERY TRAIN.

All that I can say now, is to COME--yes, come NOW and lose no time yourself in securing pick and choice from my large and varied selection of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, &c., &c.

A. NEWHOFF,
PARIS, KY.

AT COST!

We intend to close out our entire stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

Within ninety days. If you desire the greatest

bargain of your life, call and examine our goods

and prices. WE MEAN BUSINESS. COME

AND SEE US.

McCLURE & INGELS.

THIS WEEK

We desire to state to the public that we keep in stock a full supply of the celebrated "ALLIGATOR" coal and wood cook stoves. The Alligator has held a prominent place in this market for more than twenty years and can be found in use in every section of the county. We are ready to offer a premium for a single instance where it has not given the very best satisfaction. We are now receiving a complete stock of all kinds of heating stoves for parlors, stores and halls, including the best base burner for hard and soft coal made. We also keep in stock a good clean supply of all goods usually found in a first-class Store and Tin Store, among which may be found the celebrated PURIFYING PUMP, and the equally celebrated MONITOR COAL OIL STOVES, &c., &c.

For executing first-class job work in Tin, Copper and Sheet iron, we flatter ourselves that we need no further mention.

Please call and examine our stock, and you will verify our statements.

MILLIGAN & PERRY.

"THE BOURBON NEWS" OFFICE

Is prepared to do all kinds of Job Printing, such as Bill-heads, Letter heads, Envelopes, Business Cards, Programmes, Circulars, Posters, and, in fact, everything in the printing line. Work done with neatness and dispatch.

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SUITS AND OVERCOATS

ever made in this city, at the most REASONABLE RATES.

DON'T YOU FORGET IT

J. L. TAYLOR & CO.

KEEPS THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF

CLOTHING,

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS and VALISES in Paris, and sell them for less money.